

## THE MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - MISSOURI

Confess sin instantly. Don't allow the acid to remain and corrode.

The Kentucky colonel will continue to hold the Kentucky colonel in contempt.

A sound body lies at the foundation of all that goes to make life a success. Exercise will help to give it.

A man is always looking for a nicer brand of smoking tobacco, and a woman for a better style of curling iron.

And now it is reported that Rivera was betrayed. An expurgated brand of patriotism is what Cuba needs very badly.

Dependent creditors may find solace in the fact that if the Sultan were out of debt the powers would throw him over in a minute.

T. D. Burns, of Park View, New Mexico, recently shipped eighteen car loads of fat cattle from his range to Kansas City, the shipment bringing him over \$20,000. Rustlers are so bad on his range that he feels the necessity of rail-roading his stock off to market.

In dealing with office seekers Mr. McKinley may take heart of grace from a remark of Mr. Lincoln to a trusted adviser: "A president must sometimes understand the duty of appearing ungrateful, and the wisdom of rejecting smart combinations with un-congenial elements."

Theodore Roosevelt went down to El Paso, Tex., and was made honorary president of the immigration bureau of inquiry at once. He called up the first case, and learned that a Scotchman had come over with a young girl. It was explained to Roosevelt that she was his "common law wife." Teddy burst out: "Oh, I know all about these Scotch marriages," he said. "Marry the girl now." And so they were wed.

The International Postal Congress, which meets at Washington in May, will probably consider the adoption of a special stamp having uniform value in all the countries of the Postal Union. Such a stamp could be used in payment for small orders of goods. It would so greatly facilitate international exchanges that the argument seems all in its favor; but a journal devoted to "collectors" gives amusing evidence of the extent to which a "hobby" may influence one's views on such a question. "The stamp would be a convenience in several ways," it is admitted, "yet it is to be hoped that in the interests of philately it may not be adopted."

By direction of Congress and the President the Secretary of the Navy has placed a warship at the command of the Christian Herald Bible House, New York, for the purpose of transporting any cargo that generous farmers of this country may donate to their starving heathen brothers in India. Ten thousand people are dying there every day of starvation. It is likely that their cries for bread will be liberally responded to by the farmers of the west and south. Every community should be able to send a carload of corn that is now going to waste for want of a market. Committees proposing to contribute should write to the Christian Herald. Wheat and other perishable products will be taken.

An association recently organized in one of the suburbs of Dayton, O., has adopted in many smaller towns. The association, according to Garden and Forest, has been formed for the purpose of beautifying the streets, the unimproved property, and the public grounds by proper planting, by promoting a general interest in gardening, and by systematic efforts to abate nuisances and to control the location of houses so far as possible. Lectures are given, with views, to show how house surroundings can be made attractive, and the newspaper reports say that this part of Dayton has shown marked improvement in its appearance. Prizes are offered by the association for the best example of planting in individual grounds, together with the condition of roads, gutters, curbs, sidewalks, and general appearance of the houses. Prizes are also offered to boys for the best vegetable gardens, as well as prizes open to boys and girls for the best kept back yards, whether planted with flowers, shrubbery, climbers, or grass. Photographs are to be taken of the examples, with particular sections and decorations of the streets, and in competition, and a most pamphlet has been published containing views of the prize-winning grounds last year, and also embodying good advice about trees, shrubs, and climbers, with the methods of planting and caring for them.

The influence which may be exerted by one person is admirably illustrated in the case of a young Indian who returned to North Dakota after graduation at Hampton. He had learned there to wash and iron and bake bread, all of which he was teaching to his relatives and friends; and after buying a dress for his mother he carried it to a missionary and begged her to cut it out. He explained that he had never been taught to make dresses, but that with a sample he felt sure he could teach even that art to the Indian women.

The temperate use of adjectives is a form of literary disease. Total abstinence from adjectives is not practical, but a moderate use of that part of speech is essential to the best style. One who heard Nansen address the Royal Geographical society says that in the whole discourse, lasting more than an hour, there was not a superfluous adjective.

Two men have been sentenced to the penitentiary in St. Louis for going to church. They went after midnight and stole the communion service.

An Atchison girl on her way to the altar has stopped long enough to recall that her married sister has had four babies, two buggy rides, one theatrical treat and two parties in ten years and the recollection is affecting her so seriously that it is doubtful if she will resume her interrupted journey.

An English woman who is expert in palmistry says American women are among her best customers, and she attributes this fact to their vanity. A better reason, however, may be that they help handsome hands.

## HIS DAYS WELL SPENT

THE LATE WILLIAM T. ADAMS SERVED MANKIND WELL.

His Stories for the Young Folks Made Good Men and Women—Never Accumulated Much Money, but Was Happy Enough.

HE late William T. Adams, the well-known writer, who under the pen name of Oliver Optic, has entertained boy readers for more than a generation, was 75 years of age. Among the names that have been popular with the rising generation for more than half a century none occupied a more prominent place than that of Oliver Optic, the author of more books and stories for young people than any other person living. He and Captain Maine Reid divided the loves of small boys whose desires ran to caves, outdoor life, rafting on rivers and fishing and hunting. Mr. Adams was a representative Bostonian, although born at Medway, a country town about twenty miles out of Boston, where he first saw the light of day in July, 1829. His ancestors were English, and the first representative of the family to come to America was Henry Adams, who settled at Quincy, Mass., in 1830. Young Adams went to Boston at an early age and had the advantage of the superior schools of that city to develop his fertile brain. His keen power of observation undoubtedly had much to do with his success as an author, and he embraced his opportunities while in Boston to study the likes and dislikes and peculiarities of his fellow countrymen. As a scholar he was strictly bright and capable, showing a propensity for writing before he was out of his teens. He was the leader of his schoolmates in athletic sports and the admired favorite of all. Together with his friends he would spend hour after hour in the study of the old classics, studying the mysteries of the ships and gathering and laying up the treasures of nautical lore with which his stories teem. He contemplated a college course after his term had expired in the public school, but was compelled to abandon this design and began to teach, contributing from time to time short tales to different magazines, for which he received little or no remuneration. Mr. Adams published his first volume in 1863. It was entitled "Fatchie, the Guardian Slave, or the Helms of Belvedere." It brought him the modest sum of \$37.50. His next volume was a great hit, however, and from the time "In Doors and Out" was put before the public publishers began to besiege him, eager to print his writings. In the main Mr. Adams' reputation came from his juvenile works, although when first asked to write a book of this nature he declined to do so. Being finally persuaded, he wrote "The Boat Club," which was also a phenomenal success. The books that remarkable line of books which aggregated 136 volumes, besides over 1,000 short stories, together with material for the tales he journeyed over every country of Europe, and crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, besides traveling in thirty states of this country, over the great lakes from end to end, and all the eastern provinces of Canada. His travels southward were extended to Cuba and the Bahama Islands. His trips, like Bayard Taylor's, were always with notebook in hand, and from these pencil photographs he fully portrayed American life in all of his stories of adventure. He never had any literary ambition, and he acknowledged his success as great a surprise to him as it was to anybody. When he began to write he had an object in view. The heroes of the stories he had read were either pirates or highwaymen, smugglers or bandits. While these tales were thrilling to him and read with great interest, it was his opinion that stories might be written which would be equally as exciting, but without the evil tendencies of these harmful books. Consequently, to give the author credit, he never portrayed a pirate or a bandit, but he portrayed a noble fellow; indeed, it is doubtful if he ever wrote of pirates at all. The style of Mr. Adams' writing was in no sense elegant, but it was such as to make the boy who read it feel that he was reading a great story. Mr. Adams once said that he did not care to rank with literary people. "I have a task to perform," he would say, "and I perform it." And he did. It is true that the effort required to turn out these books was not a great one, but the work he did, and he was the standard of manual labor. It is worthy. Mr. Adams possessed a rather large estate. He resided for many years in his house in Dorchester, Boston. In 1846 Mr. Adams was married to Miss Sarah Jenkins, and in 1855 was left a widower. He has two daughters who survive him, one of whom is the wife of Sol Smith Russell, the well-known author. Mr. Adams, though he did not profess to be a poet, wrote scores of odes and hymns for various occasions, and for a number of

years was selected to write the Fourth of July ode for the city of Boston. On public occasions Mr. Adams' services were in great demand, for he enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent off-hand speaker. On the platform he was easy, fluent, witty and graceful, and felicitous in his illustrations.

Admiral Codrington's Shooting. In his article "Warships," Mr. Walter Wood tells a story of Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino, in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers. "When the admiral returned from the Mediterranean he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose sons are wrapped up in their lands and turpitudes," Mr. Codrington exclaimed, in blind ignorance of all contemporary history, "I haven't seen you for some time. Had any good shooting lately?" "Well," replied the admiral, "I had some rather remarkable shooting. And with this he went his way."

## THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Jerusalem Is Not Disappointing to the Western Visitor.

In the "Century" there is an article on "The Miracle of the Greek Fire," by Richard Watson Gilder, describing the scenes of Holy Week in Jerusalem. This is a particularly interesting account of the momentous events in which the Greek church plays an important part. Mr. Gilder says: "A city beautiful! On Palm Sunday, from the balcony near the spot where Mary stood when the body of her son was taken from the cross, I saw the Greek procession of the Church of the Sepulchre. Then I went over to the Mount of Olives. Looking back from a field well up on the hillside, the whole city lay beneath—the temple area, with the great mosque in full view across the valley of Jehoshaphat. From here Jerusalem, with its clear and simple outline of walls, domes and minarets of the mosques, and the old towers and churches, has a singular completeness. Perhaps even in Solomon's time, from the outside, though different, it was not more lovely. The warm gray of the stones of the city is the color of the unbleached wool of goats; the hills are darker, with a delicate bloom over them, spotted with gray olive-orchards, and melting in the distance into violet. It is indeed a city set upon a hill, isolated, distinguished. The picture realizes one of the dreams of the city of God. The sunset sky was wild and cold, with streaks of sunshine. The rain ceased, and the air grew warm. In the rich, low light all blemishes were lost, and the City Beautiful was spread before the pilgrim's eyes. Perhaps it was here that Christ went over Jerusalem; along or near this path he must have come on the day of his 'entry' on the Palm Sunday, whose feast was being kept this very day throughout all Christendom. There were no other travelers; a few Syrians passed by. The ordinary ways of the Englishman, who is often needlessly domineering, brusque and discourteous. The English have not gained the hearts of the people of India. In saying this I do not forget myself, however, that many noble Christian missionaries, men and women, have been rescued by the grace of God from the Indian convert and friends. I have had interesting calls from an aged Christian, Mr. H. C. Mitra, who has given me a valuable lecture delivered by him on the life of Dr. Duff, one of the greatest of Indian missionaries. Mr. Mitra's enthusiasm for the Scotch preacher and Christian orator is intense and affectionate. I could write a dozen letters detailing most interesting conversations and giving my experiences in Calcutta in connection with the founding of the Indian lectureship. It must suffice, however, for me at this time to record my appreciation of the mind and spirit shown by the non-Christian educated Indians. Such patient attention, such hearty and general responsiveness, such constant courtesy, such intelligent insight into the best utterances I have been able to offer, such freedom from taking offense at the most pronounced Christian sentiments and convictions, I did not expect to find in quite such large measure. The demonstration made at the close of the last lecture was especially gratifying for the reason that Mrs. Haskell's name and generous deeds were enthusiastically and repeatedly applauded. On every occasion when her name has been mentioned in my hearing in the maharajah's palace at the various receptions given by the Brahmins in the homes of Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar and the late Keshub Chunder Sen, in the hall of the London missionary institution and of the general assembly of the Indian church, the lectures have been given, it has awakened immediate response. The impression seems to be at present strong in Calcutta that the University of Chicago's lectureship in India was needed and that its continuance will be permanently useful. It is well known that Christianity has been made large inroads as yet into the higher ranks of Hindu society. The most gratifying feature of the India lectureship thus far has been the presence at our meetings of many who have not heretofore been present at distinctly Christian lectures. These are men who are not reached by the evangelistic methods, which are so useful among other classes. Still the educated Bengali Christians whom I have

His Story for the Young Folks Made Good Men and Women—Never Accumulated Much Money, but Was Happy Enough.

years was selected to write the Fourth of July ode for the city of Boston. On public occasions Mr. Adams' services were in great demand, for he enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent off-hand speaker. On the platform he was easy, fluent, witty and graceful, and felicitous in his illustrations.

Admiral Codrington's Shooting. In his article "Warships," Mr. Walter Wood tells a story of Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino, in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers. "When the admiral returned from the Mediterranean he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose sons are wrapped up in their lands and turpitudes," Mr. Codrington exclaimed, in blind ignorance of all contemporary history, "I haven't seen you for some time. Had any good shooting lately?" "Well," replied the admiral, "I had some rather remarkable shooting. And with this he went his way."

## THE FASTEST STENOGRAPHER.

His Remarkable Speed of Four Hundred Words a Minute.

Writing shorthand came naturally to Isaac S. Dement, the man who broke his own record of 397 words a minute the other day at Quincy by dashing off 402 words in the same length of time, and thus demonstrating anew his right to the title of the world's champion shorthand writer. Mr. Dement, who taught him his first lesson in the art, was one of the best stenographers in the country in his day. Another brother, James E. Dement, is one of the leading members of the profession in Chicago. It will be seen that the Dement family is well represented in the great army of stenographers. Mr. Dement looks upon stenography as an art and a science, as well as a profession. He has been making books and curves since he was a boy, and has yet to find the individual who can dictate faster than he can write. An audience of speakers are alike to him in that he has never met one who as much as bothered him. The ones who have tested his powers of speed most fully were Dr. Phillips Brooks, the noted preacher, and the Rev. H. V. Reed, who used to preach several years ago in this city at a congregation of pre-millennialists. The latter talked to Mr. Dement once

at the rate of 350 words a minute for half an hour, and this Mr. Dement regards as the hardest proposition he ever encountered. For the past four years he has been out of the field as an active reporter, devoting his time and abilities to the business of publishing his text-books on shorthand. In his spare moments Mr. Dement gives his literary genius a chance and writes novels. In addition to this he finds time to exercise his inventive powers, and has patented several useful mechanical devices.—Chicago Times-Herald.

ISAAC S. DEMENT, at the rate of 350 words a minute for half an hour, and this Mr. Dement regards as the hardest proposition he ever encountered. For the past four years he has been out of the field as an active reporter, devoting his time and abilities to the business of publishing his text-books on shorthand. In his spare moments Mr. Dement gives his literary genius a chance and writes novels. In addition to this he finds time to exercise his inventive powers, and has patented several useful mechanical devices.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Jerusalem Is Not Disappointing to the Western Visitor.

In the "Century" there is an article on "The Miracle of the Greek Fire," by Richard Watson Gilder, describing the scenes of Holy Week in Jerusalem. This is a particularly interesting account of the momentous events in which the Greek church plays an important part. Mr. Gilder says: "A city beautiful! On Palm Sunday, from the balcony near the spot where Mary stood when the body of her son was taken from the cross, I saw the Greek procession of the Church of the Sepulchre. Then I went over to the Mount of Olives. Looking back from a field well up on the hillside, the whole city lay beneath—the temple area, with the great mosque in full view across the valley of Jehoshaphat. From here Jerusalem, with its clear and simple outline of walls, domes and minarets of the mosques, and the old towers and churches, has a singular completeness. Perhaps even in Solomon's time, from the outside, though different, it was not more lovely. The warm gray of the stones of the city is the color of the unbleached wool of goats; the hills are darker, with a delicate bloom over them, spotted with gray olive-orchards, and melting in the distance into violet. It is indeed a city set upon a hill, isolated, distinguished. The picture realizes one of the dreams of the city of God. The sunset sky was wild and cold, with streaks of sunshine. The rain ceased, and the air grew warm. In the rich, low light all blemishes were lost, and the City Beautiful was spread before the pilgrim's eyes. Perhaps it was here that Christ went over Jerusalem; along or near this path he must have come on the day of his 'entry' on the Palm Sunday, whose feast was being kept this very day throughout all Christendom. There were no other travelers; a few Syrians passed by. The ordinary ways of the Englishman, who is often needlessly domineering, brusque and discourteous. The English have not gained the hearts of the people of India. In saying this I do not forget myself, however, that many noble Christian missionaries, men and women, have been rescued by the grace of God from the Indian convert and friends. I have had interesting calls from an aged Christian, Mr. H. C. Mitra, who has given me a valuable lecture delivered by him on the life of Dr. Duff, one of the greatest of Indian missionaries. Mr. Mitra's enthusiasm for the Scotch preacher and Christian orator is intense and affectionate. I could write a dozen letters detailing most interesting conversations and giving my experiences in Calcutta in connection with the founding of the Indian lectureship. It must suffice, however, for me at this time to record my appreciation of the mind and spirit shown by the non-Christian educated Indians. Such patient attention, such hearty and general responsiveness, such constant courtesy, such intelligent insight into the best utterances I have been able to offer, such freedom from taking offense at the most pronounced Christian sentiments and convictions, I did not expect to find in quite such large measure. The demonstration made at the close of the last lecture was especially gratifying for the reason that Mrs. Haskell's name and generous deeds were enthusiastically and repeatedly applauded. On every occasion when her name has been mentioned in my hearing in the maharajah's palace at the various receptions given by the Brahmins in the homes of Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar and the late Keshub Chunder Sen, in the hall of the London missionary institution and of the general assembly of the Indian church, the lectures have been given, it has awakened immediate response. The impression seems to be at present strong in Calcutta that the University of Chicago's lectureship in India was needed and that its continuance will be permanently useful. It is well known that Christianity has been made large inroads as yet into the higher ranks of Hindu society. The most gratifying feature of the India lectureship thus far has been the presence at our meetings of many who have not heretofore been present at distinctly Christian lectures. These are men who are not reached by the evangelistic methods, which are so useful among other classes. Still the educated Bengali Christians whom I have

His Story for the Young Folks Made Good Men and Women—Never Accumulated Much Money, but Was Happy Enough.

years was selected to write the Fourth of July ode for the city of Boston. On public occasions Mr. Adams' services were in great demand, for he enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent off-hand speaker. On the platform he was easy, fluent, witty and graceful, and felicitous in his illustrations.

Admiral Codrington's Shooting. In his article "Warships," Mr. Walter Wood tells a story of Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino, in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers. "When the admiral returned from the Mediterranean he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose sons are wrapped up in their lands and turpitudes," Mr. Codrington exclaimed, in blind ignorance of all contemporary history, "I haven't seen you for some time. Had any good shooting lately?" "Well," replied the admiral, "I had some rather remarkable shooting. And with this he went his way."

## IN HINDOO SOCIETY.

SOCIAL FESTIVITIES IN THE CITY OF CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Dr. Barrows Writes of His Reception at the Palace of the Maharajah, of the Dignitaries Present and of Social Usages.

(Calcutta Letter.) CALCUTTA gets its name from Kall Ghat, the site of a Kali temple which we visited the other morning in company with Principal Morrison. When the goddess was cut to pieces one of her fingers fell on this spot, and the temple built at this place, place brings great wealth to the priestly family who manage it. The shrine is not a cleanly one and very far from attractive. We did not see the famous image of Kall, as the doors were not yet open, but in another temple we saw one almost equally fine that is equally horrible. We have also visited with much interest the zoological garden and duly admired the Bengal tigers and the superb collection of Indian reptiles. I have seen also the extremely interesting Jain temples surrounded by gardens which a wealthy Jain opens to his fellow-believers. This is a region of a stately pleasure house. The tanks are full of fish, the garden is full of statues, a curious combination of Greek and oriental sculpture. Jain worshippers paint their foreheads with yellow. They are said to be purely becoming Hinduized, and to be absorbed by the Hindu omnivorous of religions. The Jains here are a very wealthy and benevolent part of the population, and their annual procession is the most brilliant spectacle of the year. Their kindness to animals is well known and they have honored me with membership in their Ahimsa-Vivisection society.

The weather has been fine, not excessively warm, and I have been able to undergo an amount of work which the "old Indian" deems rather unusual. I have averaged two addresses a day, and probably have driven fifty miles to make them. I like the domestic arrangements, which furnish an opportunity for the greatest amount of work. Mr. Barrows makes me at 7 in the morning and brings in the chota hari, or little breakfast. I thus get two hours before the 9 o'clock breakfast. This interval is usually filled with calls. The Indians call at this time, the Europeans between 12 and 2. Mr. Barrows, in fact, is at 2:30 o'clock, at 4:30, lectures at 5 and at 6:30, dinner at 8:30. The manners of the Indian people are the most courteous and pleasant possible. They could give Saxon peoples valuable lessons in conversation and demeanor. I find that the Indians are not pleased with the ordinary ways of the Englishman, who is often needlessly domineering, brusque and discourteous. The English have not gained the hearts of the people of India. In saying this I do not forget myself, however, that many noble Christian missionaries, men and women, have been rescued by the grace of God from the Indian convert and friends. I have had interesting calls from an aged Christian, Mr. H. C. Mitra, who has given me a valuable lecture delivered by him on the life of Dr. Duff, one of the greatest of Indian missionaries. Mr. Mitra's enthusiasm for the Scotch preacher and Christian orator is intense and affectionate. I could write a dozen letters detailing most interesting conversations and giving my experiences in Calcutta in connection with the founding of the Indian lectureship. It must suffice, however, for me at this time to record my appreciation of the mind and spirit shown by the non-Christian educated Indians. Such patient attention, such hearty and general responsiveness, such constant courtesy, such intelligent insight into the best utterances I have been able to offer, such freedom from taking offense at the most pronounced Christian sentiments and convictions, I did not expect to find in quite such large measure. The demonstration made at the close of the last lecture was especially gratifying for the reason that Mrs. Haskell's name and generous deeds were enthusiastically and repeatedly applauded. On every occasion when her name has been mentioned in my hearing in the maharajah's palace at the various receptions given by the Brahmins in the homes of Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar and the late Keshub Chunder Sen, in the hall of the London missionary institution and of the general assembly of the Indian church, the lectures have been given, it has awakened immediate response. The impression seems to be at present strong in Calcutta that the University of Chicago's lectureship in India was needed and that its continuance will be permanently useful. It is well known that Christianity has been made large inroads as yet into the higher ranks of Hindu society. The most gratifying feature of the India lectureship thus far has been the presence at our meetings of many who have not heretofore been present at distinctly Christian lectures. These are men who are not reached by the evangelistic methods, which are so useful among other classes. Still the educated Bengali Christians whom I have

come to know are as refined and pleasant people as one would ever meet. A number of them were invited by Mrs. Macdonald to dine with us, and added to the pleasant company was the Hon. A. N. Bose, a foremost man among the Brahmins, a Cambridge wrangler and a member of the lieutenant-governor's council. He listened with much interest to the story which I told of the rise and present greatness of the University of Chicago, and also to my presentation of the brighter side of our western city which Mr. Stead purposefully ignored in his famous book. I think the most of my readers will be interested in a sketch, however hastily and imperfect, of the reception given me in the palace of the maharajah, the leading nobleman of Calcutta, by representatives of the Hindoo, Mohammedan, Jain, Parsi, Buddhist, Brahmo and Christian communities. The Maharajah Bahadur Sir J. N. Tagore belongs to a historic line, and is an orthodox Hindoo in belief and practice, though his family lost caste several generations ago by involuntarily smelling food which had been cooked by Mohammedans. The palace is surrounded by many of the poorer buildings and residences of the Hindoo servants, to the spacious and splendid drawing-room, carpeted in red and adorned with portraits. Two hundred guests assembled here. The maharajah, who has an intellectual and refined face and very winning manners, received us, assisted by his adopted grandson. Of course no ladies of this Hindoo household were visible, but among the guests were perhaps fifty ladies, either Europeans or Americans or members of the Brahmo and Christian communities. Among these were several who had taken their degrees at the university. Nearly all the Hindoo ladies wore the Indian costume, which is beautiful and picturesque. The scene was varied and brilliant, and reminded us of the receptions given to the delegates to the parliament of religions by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bartlett and Mr.



DHARMATALLA MOSQUE, CALCUTTA.

al. I have averaged two addresses a day, and probably have driven fifty miles to make them. I like the domestic arrangements, which furnish an opportunity for the greatest amount of work. Mr. Barrows makes me at 7 in the morning and brings in the chota hari, or little breakfast. I thus get two hours before the 9 o'clock breakfast. This interval is usually filled with calls. The Indians call at this time, the Europeans between 12 and 2. Mr. Barrows, in fact, is at 2:30 o'clock, at 4:30, lectures at 5 and at 6:30, dinner at 8:30. The manners of the Indian people are the most courteous and pleasant possible. They could give Saxon peoples valuable lessons in conversation and demeanor. I find that the Indians are not pleased with the ordinary ways of the Englishman, who is often needlessly domineering, brusque and discourteous. The English have not gained the hearts of the people of India. In saying this I do not forget myself, however, that many noble Christian missionaries, men and women, have been rescued by the grace of God from the Indian convert and friends. I have had interesting calls from an aged Christian, Mr. H. C. Mitra, who has given me a valuable lecture delivered by him on the life of Dr. Duff, one of the greatest of Indian missionaries. Mr. Mitra's enthusiasm for the Scotch preacher and Christian orator is intense and affectionate. I could write a dozen letters detailing most interesting conversations and giving my experiences in Calcutta in connection with the founding of the Indian lectureship. It must suffice, however, for me at this time to record my appreciation of the mind and spirit shown by the non-Christian educated Indians. Such patient attention, such hearty and general responsiveness, such constant courtesy, such intelligent insight into the best utterances I have been able to offer, such freedom from taking offense at the most pronounced Christian sentiments and convictions, I did not expect to find in quite such large measure. The demonstration made at the close of the last lecture was especially gratifying for the reason that Mrs. Haskell's name and generous deeds were enthusiastically and repeatedly applauded. On every occasion when her name has been mentioned in my hearing in the maharajah's palace at the various receptions given by the Brahmins in the homes of Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar and the late Keshub Chunder Sen, in the hall of the London missionary institution and of the general assembly of the Indian church, the lectures have been given, it has awakened immediate response. The impression seems to be at present strong in Calcutta that the University of Chicago's lectureship in India was needed and that its continuance will be permanently useful. It is well known that Christianity has been made large inroads as yet into the higher ranks of Hindu society. The most gratifying feature of the India lectureship thus far has been the presence at our meetings of many who have not heretofore been present at distinctly Christian lectures. These are men who are not reached by the evangelistic methods, which are so useful among other classes. Still the educated Bengali Christians whom I have

and Mrs. E. W. Blatchford in 1883. The costumes were more picturesque in Calcutta, but the faiths and nations represented were more varied in Chicago. The reception lasted three hours. Of course the gracious Hindoo nobility could not provide food as a part of the evening's entertainment. But we had something better—fine Hindoo music, skillful and wonderful Hindoo jugglery and all the amenities of Hindoo courtesy. Dr. K. S. Macdonald made the address of welcome, and in my reply I spoke of the great privilege of last given me of standing on the soil of India and of bringing a loving salutation from the young and vigorous people to the thoughtful east. I described the hopes and purposes of the lectureship on Christianity, and made reference to the spirit of Mrs. Haskell in founding it. I took special pleasure in referring to the great past and greater future of India, and expressed the conviction that the best ministry of re-

lign lies in the years to come, when men shall be bound together into a cosmopolitan fraternity.

JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

Queer Customs of the Costa Ricans. According to Henry C. Lowrie, an American engineer, who has recently spent several months in Costa Rica, they have some peculiar customs down there. The towns have no gulls, but murderers are placed in old-fashioned stocks, where they remain until the authorities have had time to hang them. The dreadful weapon of the Spanish-American is met everywhere in the country—the machete. With it the native can cut his way through the densest tropical underbrush, chop down trees, shave up, open a can of beans, chop off your head, or whittle a toothpick. It is a straight thin blade, about two and a half inches wide and thirty inches long. President Rafael Iglesias is a very active and progressive man, and quite a shrewd politician. Just before the "election" he jailed the principal leaders of the opposition for pernicious activity and announced himself president.

Two ceremonies in Burma mark when childhood stops and manhood or womanhood begins. The boys have their legs tattooed in brilliant blue and red patterns, and the girls their ears bored. The boring of the girls' ears is commenced with a needle, and the puncture is gradually increased until the tip of the finger can be introduced.

POSTOFFICE, CALCUTTA. Ligion lies in the years to come, when men shall be bound together into a cosmopolitan fraternity.

JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

Queer Customs of the Costa Ricans. According to Henry C. Lowrie, an American engineer, who has recently spent several months in Costa Rica, they have some peculiar customs down there. The towns have no gulls, but murderers are placed in old-fashioned stocks, where they remain until the authorities have had time to hang them. The dreadful weapon of the Spanish-American is met everywhere in the country—the machete. With it the native can cut his way through the densest tropical underbrush, chop down trees, shave up, open a can of beans, chop off your head, or whittle a toothpick. It is a straight thin blade, about two and a half inches wide and thirty inches long. President Rafael Iglesias is a very active and progressive man, and quite a shrewd politician. Just before the "election" he jailed the principal leaders of the opposition for pernicious activity and announced himself president.

Two ceremonies in Burma mark when childhood stops and manhood or womanhood begins. The boys have their legs tattooed in brilliant blue and red patterns, and the girls their ears bored. The boring of the girls' ears is commenced with a needle, and the puncture is gradually increased until the tip of the finger can be introduced.

## CLIMBING THE CLIFFS.

AN ADVENTUROUS SPORT THAT CALLS FOR NERVE.

Let Down Steep and Inaccessible Crags by Ropes—The Implements Required—A Woman Walking Backward Down a Cliff.

(London Letter.) Nerve-hunting, as other things, there are degrees, and in this article I propose to deal only with the very highest form of this fascinating hobby. I refer more particularly to cliff-climbing, or, more properly, cliff-descending, in search of eggs. Among the most distinguished adepts in this difficult and perilous art is—appropriately enough—one of the most popular officers in the British army—Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby-Verner, of the Rifle Brigade, who is, at this moment, a professor of military science at Sandhurst. While stationed at Gibraltar, between 1874 and 1880, Colonel Verner had splendid opportunities for indulging his favorite pastime. "The lowest—as to situation—and also the very first eagle's nest I ever took, was that of an Imperial eagle—a tree-eating species. This nest was in a stunted tree, only 20 feet high, in the middle of an almost impenetrable thicket, which was surrounded by a large swamp covered with reeds 10 feet high." Here the great bird relied for security on the altitude of the swamp, and the difficulty of access to the tree. Certainly, Colonel Verner would never have reached that nest were it not for the assistance rendered by a couple of bare-legged Spanish leech-catchers, who beat down the reeds for him with their poles. The gallant Colonel's highest nest (as compared with the lowest, mentioned above) was that of a golden eagle, which took up its abode in a dizzy crag, 2800 feet above Jemina, in Andalusia.

As to the details of his cliff-climbing outfit, Colonel Verner said: "I take with me 180 feet of 1-inch Alpine rope; 50 feet of 2-inch rope for 'bad' places; a ball of strong twine tied with lead weight attached, for communicating up or down; a nest of tin boxes for eggs, carried in a long creel; field-glasses, dagger, canvas belt (specially made for me by a blue-jacket); water-bottle and provisions; a hand camera, and a set of egg-blowing instruments packed in a case. To these may be added a 28 foot rope of pure silk, weighing but a few ounces, yet capable of supporting two men. This rope was given to the Colonel by the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, who had used it himself whilst chamois-hunting in the Tyrol. One of our illustrations shows in quite a startling manner the frightful positions in which cliff-climbers quite commonly find themselves. This daring man is Mr. C. Kearton, of Elstree, Herts. I asked Mr. Kearton to describe his method of making a descent, and this was what he said: "Perhaps it would be better, first of all, if I said a word or two about that photo. In it I am depicted climbing down a cliff on the south coast of Ireland. I am about 20 feet down, and the cliff was nearly 300 feet above the sea. The photo was taken by a naturalist friend.

Before starting on a cliff-climbing expedition," pursued Mr. Kearton, "I first procure a couple of ropes about the thickness of one's thumb, and in length from 200 feet to 300 feet. Next a crowbar, which I fix firmly in the ground some distance from the edge of the cliff. One rope (the guide rope) is securely tied to this crowbar, and then held by the man who is letting me down. Attached to the end are three loops, which are placed round my body and under my legs to prevent me from falling out. With the camera slung over my back, and the guide-rope in my hand, I deliberately walk backwards over the brink of the cliff, the rope being controlled by a man who unwinds it at given stages. On being so revived, the situation of a nest is at once revealed by the sudden flight of the birds. As I am lowered, I carefully dislodge with my feet every loose bit of rock with my reach, so as to avoid a possible shower of rubble and stones (the result of contact with the rope) when below. This is vitally important. At will, I can sit in the girth or sling. As the sound of one's voice is lost when at a depth down the cliff of about fifty feet, an alarm is stationed at a point where I can see him; and it is through his agency that the man at the crowbar receives my signals. The nest to be photographed may be found on a fairly accessible ledge, in which case the manipulation of the camera is comparatively easy; but where it is built on a projecting stone or small edge, tremendous difficulties have to be overcome. In such cases two legs of the camera must rest on my body, most conveniently in the belt round my waist. Having fixed up the apparatus I proceed to focus the object; this is the most difficult task of all, and one which may last five minutes or an hour, or even longer still, according to circumstances. Then it frequently happens that when everything is ready for the exposure, one of my legs will slip or my body away in an aggravating manner, so that the net will have to be re-focused.

"Where a recess in the cliff is reached in descending or ascending by the rope, one's body, being insulated, begins to rotate like a gong on a rotating-jack; and the sensation of twisting round in mid-air at the end of a rope, with the very real possibility of a shower of dislodged stones from above, and—in the event of an accident—certain death beneath, is anything but pleasant. Remember, one's life is literally in the hands of the man at the crowbar. On one occasion, just as I was disappearing over the cliff, this responsible person got joking with his companion, the signal man, and he

distinction of being the place which saw Dickens turn the principal corner of his life, that occasion so fervently desired of all, so long in coming to some, and so vague an expectation to many. In the autumn of 1845, after his return to England from abroad, a birth and a death occurred at Devonshire terrace. On Oct. 28 his fourth son was born there, and shortly afterward his eldest son there also died. "He kept his eye to the last upon the meat," writes Dickens, "as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of 'Cuckoo!' He died of putty and paint!"

Benin in 1850. Civilization in Benin has clearly retrograded rather than advanced during the last seventy or eighty years. Among the few travelers who made their way to Benin in the earlier years of the century was Mr. John King, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who visited the place in 1850. The traveler was received in a singular, though amicable, manner by the King of Benin. During the interview, one of the King's arms was "stretched out horizontally and supported by a great officer, and the nail on one finger of each hand had been suffered to grow to a great length and under his high station stood him above the necessity of labor." The King had at that time 4,000 wives, but some of these he would give upon occasion to any subject who had performed exceptional service. The practice of making human sacrifices was uniformly denied by the natives, and Lieutenant King does not seem to have witnessed any scenes of bloodshed while he remained in the country. The traveler was introduced also to the Queen-Mother, who lived in a separate court just outside the city. The Queen-Mother, like her son the King, had one of her arms supported by an attendant. She entertained Lieutenant King with talk-out and other refreshments, and asked him innumerable questions. The Queen-Mother of Benin was dressed in clothes of European silk, and she wore a broad-brimmed lace hat on her head. Altogether, the city, with its wide straight streets and "neat and handsome